LIQUID HOSPITALITY TO THE RUSSIANS-ACQUITTAL OF COUNT SEGONZAC-EIFFEL'S TOWER DOOMED-THE REIGNING BEAUTY.

Paris, October 22. All Paris is in such a state of uproar, enthuslasm and almost hysterical excitement in conon with the visit of the officers of the Rusin fleet that it is difficult either to hear, read or even think of anything else but the topic of oment. One of the most remarkable features in connection with the visit has been the extraordinary increase of drunkenness to which it has led. The French are perhaps the most mious and temperate people in Europe, ecially the middle and higher classes, most of whom will be seen mingling water with their wine, and avoiding the use of spirits, except in the most minute quantities. Unfortunately, however, just before the Russians arrived a number of the newspapers here came out with a series of recommendations as to the beavior to be manifested toward the foreign uests, and as a sample of the instructions which the worthy Parisians have been endeavoring to live up to since the arrival of our Muscovite visitors, I need only cull the following from the "Petite Republique Francaise," one of the most widely read and extensively circulated of French newspapers:

"If you invite a Russian to dinner, make point of offering him before he takes his seat at the table certain hors d'oeuvres, and, above all, do not forget to accompany these with a dram of spirits. The stronger the latter the higher the Russian guest will esteem his entertainer, who must pour the cognac out himself, not into a liquor glass, but into a Bordeaux glass, and it is indispensable that he should drain the entire bumper to the health of his guest before the latter has time to put his glass to his lips. Each time you make a speech at dinner or at any repast be careful to have your glass filled to the brim before you begin speaking, and the moment you have concluded your remarks drain your glass to the very last drop at a gulp, since if the slightest heeltap remains eans in the eyes of the Russians that your remarks have been insincere."

Unfortunately, the worthy Parisian has acted up to the very letter of these instructions, and the quantity of champagne, burgundy, Bordeaux and cognac, and of that indescribable but heady concoction yelept the "Punch d'Honneur," that has been consumed is altogether beyond belief, and calculated to produce a corner in sodawater as soon as our guests depart. Already a number of their entertainers have been obliged to withdraw from the field, being unable to cope with the capacities for absorption possessed by the Czar's naval officers, and it is almost impossible to meet a Frenchman at the present ent who does not complain of suffering m what he delicately terms, "une affreuse migraine," which he accompanies with expressive gestures and plaintive exclamations of "Ma pauvre tete! ma pauvre tete!" (My poor head!

my poor head!) Much satisfaction prevails here, particularly in clubland on the boulevards and in the fashionable faubourgs, over the acquittal of the popular young Comte de Segonzac, who had been charged with having murdered a fellow officer, Lieutenant Quiquerez, during a voyage of exploration in West Africa. Arrested here a few months ago, he was conveyed a prisoner to St. Louis in Senegal, where the court-martial took place. He was defended by M. Leon Renault, the well-known lawyer and politician, who travelled to St. Louis for the purpose of taking charge of his interests. The accusation against the Count was based almost entirely upon native evidence of the most unsatisfactory escription, and there were absolutely no European witnesses of the death of Lieutenant Quiquerez save the Count himself, who alleges hat his unfortunate companion shot himself during an attack of temporary insanity due to the effects of fever. Much capital was made by ecution of the fact that when the body bullet which produced the fatal wound had entered the ear from the left side, emerging a little behind the right ear. But M. Leon

tenant's diary that for some days previous to his end he had not been able to use his right hand. From the very outset of the whole affair popular sentiment has been altogether in favor of the innocence of the young Count, and It is felt that he has been subjected to a most unjust and intolerable piece of persecution in being arrested, detained in prison, conveyed in custody to Africa, and tried there for his life on evidence now shown to have been of the most flimsy and untrustworthy character. Each Parisian era has had its popular beauty. At the time of the Restoration, after the overthrow of the first Napoleon, it was the lovely wife of the butcher of the Rue du Bouloi: under

King Louis Philippe it was the celebrated vender of cravats of the Palais Royal. During the reign of Napoleon III it was the perfect figure of Isabelle, the Jockey Club bouquetiere, which constituted the subject of popular enthusiasm. When Marshal MacMahon was President it was the wife of a confectioner in the Rue de la Chausse d'Antin who monopolized admiration, and now we have as the beauty of the hour the better half of a vender of curios on the Boulevard Malesherbes, who is reaping a perfect for tune from the purchases made by people who visit his store for the purpose of catching a glimpse of the superb blonde who is his wife.

Inasmuch as the telegraphic dispatches are certain to have furnished full accounts of the wedding of Miss Flora Davis, of New-York, to Lord Terence Blackwood, I shall not refer to the matter save to call attention to a rather pretty piece of consideration on the part of Lady Dufferin, who organized a grand banquet for the servants of the at the Embassy, an entertainment to which they were permitted to in-vite a certain number of friends, the result being that it became what was practically a reunion of the "gratin" of the English servant world in Paris. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in stting terms by the head butler, after which all the guests repaired by invitation of the hospitable Amssadress to the Noveau Cirque, where seats had been retained for them, and where they thoroughly enjoyed the rollicking fun that forms the backbone of the performances of

"Le Yacht." Day by day it becomes more certain that the great exhibition which is to inaugurate the twentieth century will extend from the Champ de Mars to the Place de la Concorde, including within its precincts the Palais de l'Industrie, a portion of the Champs Elysees and that section f the River Seine that divides the Cours la Reine from the Quai d'Orsay. In one of my former letters I referred to this scheme as probable and popular. Since then its execution has become almost assured by the appointment of M. Bouvard, the principal architect of the city

M. Bouvard, the principal architect of the city of Paris, to the committee of five who are associated with President Picard in the organization and supreme control of the entire enterprise.

Those of your readers who have visited Paris of late years will be interested to learn that M. Bouvard's project involves the partial demolition of the Tour Eiffel, which has become almost a nightmare to Parisians, and remains as far 100 conspicuous a memorial of the Exposition of 1889, to have any place in the World's rair of the year 1900. M. Bouvard and a large number of his fellow-citizens would like to have this modern Tower of Babel completely removed. But its expropriation would cost the municipality too

ACHING HEADS AT PARIS. much, as the enormous expense entailed which is recouping itself by the receipts from people who ascend the Tower. n, however, as these visitors rarely venture beyond the first platform, the number of those going up to the second and third stories being exceedingly small, M. Bouvard proposes to come to an arrangement with the company for the removal of the entire upper part of the structure down to the first platform, on which a palais du plaisir would be constructed, con-taining a variety of attractions. In this manner no pecuniary loss would be entailed, and the exhibition would be invested with quite a novel feature. The clew of the whole affair, however, according to M. Bouvard, will be the construction of a boulevard 250 feet broad, connecting in one straight line the Place de la Concorde and the Champ de Mars. Starting from the magnificent square which forms the lower end of the Champs Elysees, it would traverse the Seine on a specially constructed bridge, would cross the large Esplanade des Invalides, finally reaching the principal buildings erected on the Champ de Mars. M. Bouvard is of the opinion that of all the works undertaken in connection with the various exhibitions that have taken place here in the past, the Avenue de l'Opera has proved to be the most popular and the most noteworthy, and he is convinced, therefore, that his new boulevard would make a decided hit. With regard to the actual exhibits he considers that the chief attraction of the show ought to be the Palais de l'Electricite floating on the Seine.

MOONSHINERS AND STRANGERS

HOW THEY MEET IN THE MOUNTAINS. In the cafe of a well-known hotel, where famous political "deals" have been made, sat a party of four. One of them has often been described as a "coal king," the "king," of course, denoting as it does when used in that way millions, and the "coal" the way the millions were made. The four were telling stories.

"Speaking of whiskey," said the coal king-a captain he is, too, by title-"whiskey nearly killed me once. It was this way. Up in the Allegheny Mountains I have a summer home. I am fond of shooting, as you know. One summer I was off on a hunt. I and my man had got a long way from my mountain home. We were trying to get over the mountains to join Colonel C—, who had been shooting down the mountains for three days on the other side. There seemed to be no trails in that part of the country, and we stumbled about aimlessly for a long time. But finally we struck a rough path and pushed ahead. Coming out of a thicket of a sudden, I saw that which made me say something under my breath. It was a thin blue curl of smoke rising straight up along the mountop. Saying nothing to my man I pushed on and we soon came to a cabin at the edge of the wood. In the door stood a woman, a baby in her arms. She was extremely civil, but she eyed us keenly. After she had directed us on our way, I looked back and could still see her gazing intently

"I need not tell you much about the rest of our hunt, save only this. After leaving the woman and her child, I cautioned my man to say nothing about what he had seen, for that blue smoke meant only one thing—a still, an illicit distillery. "Three years later I was sitting in my private office in Pittsburg when a mountaineer sent in his name.

is name.
"'What can I do for you?' I said, when

"What can I do for you? I said, when he came in.

"What can I do for you? I said, when he came in.

"Nothing.' he answered. 'I just came in to tell you something. I am just out of prison. I want to congratulate you, sir, on being alive.'

"I began to feel nervous, and wished some one else was in the room.

"How is that? I asked, trying to appear calm.

"Three years ago.' he said, 'you were riding over the Alleghenies, and stopped to speak to a woman with a baby in her arms.'

"Yes,' I said, recalling it all.

"Two days after that,' said my visitor, 'a United States marshal came down on me and arrested me. Then I swore I'd kill you on sight.'

"Wait a minute,' I cried.

"No,' he said, 'wait a minute for me. When I got a sentence of three years I swore the first thing I would do when I got out would be to kill you. Well, you see, I'm out.

"Wait a minute,' I cried again, now convinced that I should have to fight for my life.

"No,' he repeated, wait a minute for me.'

"Well,' I said, swinging slowly around in my chair and getting ready to spring upon him when he should move toward me.

"Well,' I replied, 'my boy was sick when I got out, and so I went straight home to him, and wandering around your place up there, I came on your overseer, and he told me that you had cautioned him never to say a word. So when I came back here I went to the revenue office, and they told me you had nothing to do with my arrest. So I say I congratulate you on being allve."

tioned him never to say a word. So when I came back here I went to the revenue office, and they told me you had nothing to do with my arrest. So I say I congratulate you on being alive.

"Thank you.' I said, really gratefully. But say,' I added, 'let me talk to you about this,'

"We don't talk about such things,' said the moonshiner with a dry little laugh, and he stole out of the room, turning at the door to say;

"But, captain,' and he chuckled when he said it, 'lucky for you my boy was sick.'"

The captain was through with his story, but there was something else.

"Captain," said the newspaper man, "where is that moonshiner now?"

The captain flushed a little.

"I still go hunting in the Alleghenies," he said finally.
"And the moonshiner?" Renault was fortunately in a position to prove by means of entries contained in the dead lieu-

inally.
"And the moonshiner?"
"The thin blue smoke still floats over the peaks,"
he said slowly, and then he added significantly,
"but in another place."

BRIDAL COUPLES UNDOUBTELLY.

From The Washington Post.

A good story is told by one of the clerks of a hotel near the Treasury on a bride and groom who were here a few days ago from a Western State.

The clerks at this hotel have acquired a national reputation for their ability to "spot" bridal parties immediately on their arrival. It appears to make no difference how calm and composed the groom may endeavor to appear, or how indifferent and absolutely at home the bride seems, the clerks have some means of ascertaining that the couple has not been travelling in double harness very long. When the bride and groom referred to arrived at this hotel the other day, the clerk on duty happened to notice that the gentleman paid the cabman who brought him from the depot two fares.

The lady, of course, stopped in the parlor, while the gentleman walked up to the desk in the office and nervously wrote his name on the register. The clerk waited a few seconds to see whether the guest had any addition to make on the book, and then inquired politely:

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"How's that?" said the man, his face flushing and his head dropping low on his breast.

"Are you travelling alone now?" questioned the clerk, smiling significantly at the embarrassed guest.

"No, of course not." stammered the man as he From The Washington Post.

clerk, smiling significantly at the embarrassed guest.

"No, of course not." stammered the man as he grabbed the pen again. "How very stupid of me!" And he added the words "and wife" to his signature on the register. "You see," continued the guest "this is the first time I ever wrote that, and I am not used to it yet."

"Oh, you'll catch on to these little things before iong," replied the clerk, as he assigned the couple to the bridal apartments, "and then you'll wonder how you ever managed to like singly so long."

In another untown hotel a groom recently became very indignant because the clerk inshuated that he was a newly married man.

"How did you know I had just been married?" thundered the angry guest, who thought he had successfuily concealed the fact from everybody.

"Oh, I didn't know it." replied the clerk, calmity, "but the chambermaid said she swept up a quart of rice off the floor of your room this morning, and I noticed a lot of white ribbon tied to your trunk when the porter carried it up to your room yesterday."

The guest had nothing further to say on the sub-

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From The Hartford Courant.

From The Hartford Courant.

Fruit is a very healthful diet, and is especially good when it is ripe and fresh. Some people cultivate it for the market, many others have a few pet trees of their own. Fresh fruit has a market value as truly as horses or sheep.

And yet stealing pears, peaches, apples and grapes is a recognized industry. Men who would join in chasing a horse thief or a sheep stealer will stand by and laugh when fruit-stealing is discovered. Angry orchard-owners who shoot with beans or with sait the robbers of their trees always receive condemnation; often are threatened with mobbing. Grown men tell with laughter of their own experiences in stealing apples in their boyhood.

Now the man who grows the fruit doesn't regard this pillaging of his orchard as at all a laughing matter. People who do enjoy raising fruit take great pride and pleasurs in watching it ripen. They have the pleasures of anticipation for weeks. Then a day or two before realization time they find their trees broken and stripped and the work of a year.

MAURITANIA.

THE WAR OF SPANIARD AGAINST MOOR.

RENEWING HOSTILITIES OF FOUR CENTURIES AGO-MULEY HASSAN'S EMPIRE-BAR-PARISM OF THE RIFFANS-THE SHEREEF OF WAZAN.

It is doubtless only through chance coincidence that hostilities between the Spaniards and the Moors have broken forth in this Columbian year. Yet the fact is fruitful of interesting suggestions. After generations of conflict the African invaders had only just been expelled from the Iberian Peninsula when Columbus set out upon his memorable voyage. There is ample room to question whether, had not Grenada fallen, the sovereigns of Leon and Castile would have won a new world as and when they did. It seemed especially fitting that immediately after freeing the soil of Spain from the foot of the last infidel invader the chivalry of Spain should seek to carry the Cross afar into heathen lands. And now, four centuries later, in this very jubilee year, Spaniard and Moor cross

progress in this country till the minds of the men have been raised and their estimation of woman vastly changed. Although Turkey was so long much in the position of Morocco to-day, it is a noteworthy fact that as she steadily proceeds in the way of civilization, one of the most apparent features of this progress is the growing respect for women and the increasing lib-erty which is allowed them in public and private. But in Morocco the position of woman remains unspeakably deplorable. As a daughter, her birth is considered a great misfortune, and even a curse from heaven; as a wife, she is an instrument of pleasure for the rich, and a slave, a machine for work for the poor; and as a mother, she is only considered by her husband as one of the indispensable elements for

the bearing and rearing of his children." But to get at the root of the matter it is necessary to go a step further. The absolute lack of morals among the people is the real cause of all the rest. Morocco is so deeply sunk in the degradation of sin that it is impossible to lay bare its deplorable condition. In most countries where there is a fair proportion of the pure and virtuous, there is some sort of an attempt made to gloss over and conceal vices, but in this country the only one which public opinion seriously



WAZAN, THE HOLY CITY OF MOROCCO.

swords again, more flercely than for generations past; only now it is on Moorish soil

"The throne of the Emperors of Morocco is their horse, and their pavilion is the sky." So boasted Sidi Mohammed, the father of the present Sultan; echoing that earlier boast of Rustem: "Rakush is my throne; my sword is my seal; my helmet is my crown, and all the world is subject unto me." But while the Pehliva of Seistan made good his words, the monarchs of Morocco do not so. Their horse is their throne, but the whole land does no obeisance to it; and they are far from ruling all that lies beneath the pavilion of the Moorish sky. Their vast and fertile realm, with its three capitals, is divided between tribes of more than semi-independence. The Sultan,

actual. He sets Governors over the provinces,

end. So long as they pay lip-service to the Gov-

ernor, and render the tribute of gold that is re-

quired of them, the tribesmen may do as they

These Riffans, or Riffs, who are making

trouble at Melilla, form such a tribe; and they

are perhaps of all the most independent, as well

as decidedly the most savage. Their home is in

El Rif, the range of hills that runs parallel with

and near to the Mediterranean coast, from the

Muluya River to Cape Spartel. Their home is

there, but not their field of work. They are no-

torious raiders, making incursions alike upon

the Spanish settlements on the shore and the

Moorish settlements inland. They are the Ish-

maelites of that Ishmaelitish land, their hands

against every man and every man's hand against

them. For many years they have been practi-

cally outlawed by the Government at Fez, and

Muley Hassan will probably be glad and grate-

ful if the Spaniards inflict upon them a crushing

blow. At best the inhabitants of Morocco are

about the most deprayed to be found on the

face of the earth, given to every unspeakable

vice in the calendar of bestlality. But the Rif-

fans surpass all other tribes in the empire in

corruptness of morals, as also in cruelty and in-

humanity. Woe to the stray traveller who falls

into their hands. He would fare better in a

camp of hostile Comanches, or as the Apaches'

prisoner of war. Every studied horror of linger-

ing torture will be his; every revolting outrage

that savage passions can conceive. Even the

other Berber and Moorish tribes have a dread

and a loathing of them, and use the name of

Riffan instead of "wolf" to frighten children into

In appearance the Riffan men are fierce and

uncouth, with tattooed faces, often, and long,

endurance are marvellous, they are fine horse-

men and good shots, and in battle display the

utmost disregard of danger. The women, unlike those of other Mahometan tribes, go about freely

unveiled, their faces, bosoms and arms tattooed

with outlandish designs in many colors, while

their heavy silver bracelets, chains and "bangles" rattle and clatter with ceaseless din. The

women visit the towns and purchase such things

as they and the men need, the men never ven-

turing to put themselves so nearly within the

grasp of what little law there is in Moghreb-ul-

Aksa. As for laws among the Riffans, there is

none; save to steal, to harry, to torture and to

kill, and never to die in bed! And these laws

they practise and maintain with surpassing

DEGRADATION OF MOROCCO.

One is startled to find, on landing in Morocco

o close to the centres of European light and

leading, a land so utterly barbaric. Three hours

in a steam tug carries on from the close of the

nineteenth century back to the ninth; and to

the ninth century of a savage land to boot. Here

is an empire of more than 8,000,000 people, with

vast cities and a land of incomparable fertility.

with not a wheeled vehicle, save the one coacl

which the Sultan owns but never uses! A volume could not describe the wretchedness of Mo-

rocco more eloquently than that one fact, White-walled Tangier is beautiful, as one sees it

from the Strait; and ancient Fez, with its

stately domes and gardens of waving palms;

But entering the city the narrow streets are

found to be fifthy beyond imagination and noisome with vice and crime. Nor is there any progress made toward better things. On the contrary,

the whole nation seems steadily sinking, deeper and more hopelessly into the mire. "Nothing," says a recent writer in "The Times," of Moroc-

obedience.

condemns is drunkenness, and it is only before foreigners that any sense of shame or desire for secrecy about other vices is observable. The taste for strong drink, though still indulged comparatively in secret, is steadily in-

creasing, the practice spreading from force of example among the Moors themselves, and as a result of the strenuous efforts of foreigners to inculcate this vice. As yet it is chiefly among the higher and lower classes that the victims are found, the former indulging in the privacy of their own homes, and the latter at the low drinking dens opened by the scum of the foreign settlers at all the open ports. Among the country people of the plains and lower hills there are hardly any who would touch intoxicating liquor, though among the mountaineers drinking has ever been more common. Tobacco smoking is very general on the coast, owing to contact with Europeans, but comparatively rare in the interior as yet, though the native preparations of hemp (keef), and also opium, have a large army of devotees, more or less victims. The latter, however, being an expensive import, is less known in the interior. Snuff-taking is fairly general among men and women, chiefly the elderly. What they take is very strong. too, being a composition of tobacco, wainuts and charcoal ash. The writer once saw a young Englishman who thought he could stand a good pinch of snuff fairly "knocked over" by a quarter of what the owner of the nut from which it came took with the utmost complacency.

THE SAINTLY LORDS OF WAZAN One woman has, however, risen to a command-

ing rank in Morocco, and still exercises a sway rivailing that of the Emperor himself. This is the Shereefa of Wazan, an English woman by birth. The Shereefs of Wazan have ever been at least the equals, perhaps the superiors, of the Sultans of Fez, nominally subject.



THE SHEREEFA OF WAZAN.

wazan is the holy city of Morocco, and one of the holiest in all the Mahometan world, and its Shereefs are descended directly from Fatima, the Prophet's favorite daughter, while the Emperor himself is descended merely from some collateral branch of Mahomet's family. So the Shereef is reckoned the hollest man in all Islam, and his spiritual authority is recognized by the Faithful everywhere, in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, India. Persia, India.
The latest generations of these potentates have

been invested with not a little romance. It is told that the grandfather of the present Shereef lived to be more than 169 years old. At the last, when he lay dying, the elders asked him to name lived to be more than 169 years old. At the last, when he lay dying, the eiders asked him to name his successor; for there is no law of primogeniture in Wazan. The old man answered in the oracular manner in which his inspired utterances had always been made: "The child that playeth with my staff, he shall sway the sceptre." Now it happened that one of his slaves, a negro woman, was standing just outside the door, and heard this. She had been one of his favorites, though not married to him, and she had one child, a bright-eyed little mulatto. So, hearing the old Shereef's words, she instantly setzed, unnoticed, his gold-headed staff and placed it in her son's hands, bidding him bestride it as a hobby-horse. And when, a few moments later, the aged Shereef died, the Taibian elders came out to search for his heir. And the first they saw was the little mulatto playing with the staff. Wherefore they obeyed the saint's command, and bowed down before him as the new Shereef.

This Shereef, the story goes, grew up with rather advanced notions. He took to travelling in foreign parts, and then paid long visits to England, France and Italy. When he discarded sandals and begrin wearing boots of French manufacture the faithful opened their sleepy

England, France and Italy. When he discarded sandals and begain wearing boots of French manufacture the faithful opened their sleepy eyes in holy horror. Had the descendant of the Prophet gone mad? Then he threw aside the turban and donned a silk hat of the latest "stove-pipe" pattern. The caftan and haik followed the turban into retirement and he was presently dressed throughout in modern European style. Worse than this, he took to smoking eigarettes and drinking champagne. For a descendant of Mahomet to drink intoxicating liquor was an unprecedented apostasy. But Muley Sidi defended himself. "It is true," he said, "that the wine in the bottle is intoxicating. Muley Sidi defended himself, "It is true," he said, "that the wine in the bottle is intoxicating. But when I pour it into my glass it becomes as harmless as water!" And this explanation was generally believed. Why not? If water was once turned into wine, why not wine into water? And had not all the Grand Shercefs of Wazan been workers of miracles? So in regard to all these things the faithful Taibians presently concluded that the descendant of the Breakers and cluded that the descendant of the Prophet could

AN ENGLISH GIRL BECOMES A MOORISH PRIN-CESS.

These eccentricities, however, were only the beginning of the trouble. Down at Tangier the holy man made the acquaintance of a comely young English woman, named Emily Keene, and Morocco, on the slopes of lofty Atlas; and I who was a governess in the family of the Britholy Wazan, with its terraces and fountains. ish Minister, and began making love to her. well, he was a mulatto, but a Prince, and very rich, and she was ambitious. So she accepted him, and, after he had divorced all his other wives, was married to him, in good English fashion. And she made him sign a solemn bond to take no other wife and to keep no harem, but to conduct his domestic affairs on the English plan; and if he broke this bond he was to give her her children and \$25,000 cash down and \$5,000 a year for life. And finally she was co, "can be hoped for in the way of great social and \$5,000 a year for life. And finally she was

One rounded teaspoonful of



does more and better work than a heaping teaspoonful of others.

to be able to sign herself "Princess of Wazan." To all this the love-sick Shereef eagerly agreed, and for a number of years he kept his pledges faithfully. Two sons were born to them, and their home at Tangler was an ideally happy

faithfully. Two sons were born to them, and their home at Tangier was an ideally happy one.

After many years, however, he broke the bond. He married a Moorish girl at Wazan, and tried to divorce the English woman. But the English woman had a mind of her own, and it was a more clever mind than his. She defeated his attempt to divorce her, retained her title of "Princess of Wazan," kept her two sons, made him settle the succession upon one of them, and forced him to pay her the full indemnity and annuity. Then, of course, she refused to share his household with the new wife, and so went away and lived in a house of her own, where she maintained a princely court. She did not actually quarrel with him, however, but let him visit her occasionally for a friendly chat, and her two boys kept on the best of terms with him. A year or two ago Muley Sidi died. But, true to his word, he named as his successor the cidest son of his English wife, Muley All, who thus became Grand Shereef of Wazan. This is a clever and promising youth, who inherits much of his mother's English spirit, and indeed is still much under her influence, for, as Dowager Shereefa, she is now a most important personage. She educated him in European style so far as sciences were concerned, but in Oriental style so far as religion and customs went. "I don't want him," she said, "to be too much Europeanized. He is a Mahometan. I don't want him to get out of harmony with his religion and his people." He was, even before his father's death, greatly beloved and reverenced, and often consulted as a prophet or miracleworker. "It is curious," said his mother not long ago, "but it is a fact that his prophetic sayings usually come true. How he does it, I don't know, neither does he. He just says what comes into his mind at the moment. 'Your brother will get out of prison next week'; 'You will feel better to-night': 'You will find what you er will get out of prison next week'; 'You will feel better to-night'; 'You will find what you have lost the day after to-morrow.' And it all comes true.

TWO BEARS.

AN INTERRUPTED AUCTION.

Scranton, Penn., Oct. 28 .- "Jake, how'll ye trade bears?" asked Hank Reynolds of Jake Ketcham one morning this month. Hank was leaning over Jake's dooryard fence on Catbird Creek, and Jake's tame bear Pocono was playfully performing on a pole in the yard.

"I'll trade ye my bear fur yourn, Hank," said Jake, "fur three bushels 'taters to boot. "All right," Hank replied, "fetch your bear over

to my place next Sunday and I'll do it." "No, I can't do that, Hank," said Ketcham, "'cause it's too fur and the goin's bad; but I'll tell ye what I will do, though. Mr. Gardner's goin' to have a vandue next Friday. Bring your bear to his place that day, and I'll take mine up there, and we'll trade. But don't fergit the 'taters, Hank." "That's fair enough, Jake," Reynolds said, "It's

bargain." Reynolds lives on Shadberry Hill, six miles from Ketcham's, and Burton G. Gardner owns a farm on Goose Pond Run, about half way between. Reynolds came down to Gardner's place on Friday of last week with three bushels of potatoes in a buckboard wagon, and his tame bear Toby hitched to the rear. Toby and Pocono were twin brothers, but they hadn't seen one another since Mike Noonan stole them from their mother in Daly's Swamp four years ago last spring, when they were small

When Auctioneer W. H. Evans mounted a barrel and started to sell a cow, Reynolds led Toby to a corner of the barnyard and let him amuse himself owners and clinched. Reynolds and Ketcham velled and kicked at their pugnacious pets, but the bears were in for a bloody battle, and they speedily got rid of their collars, rolled and tumbled, clawed and bit, plunged through the crowd of bidders, and knocked the barrel from under the auctioneer's feet, just as he was asking, "Do I hear no more?" Auctioneer Evans climbed up a stack of buckwheat straw in a hurry, and the bears tore around the barnyard till the cattle and sheep stampeded to the road and fields. By that time all the bidders had fled, and the auctioneer sang out from his perch on the stack. "How much am I offered for the bears?" "Two cents!" somebody yelled back from

bears?" "Two cents!" somebody yelled back from the road, whereat the auctioneer shouted "Sold!" at the top of his lungs.

Meantime Ketcham and Reynolds clubbed and kicked the fighting bears with all their might, but the bears clawed and bit and pummelled one another as though they had always been wild. The fur and blood fiew, and the bears tipped over the watering-trough, upset a wagon, smashed a cutter into kindling wood, broke through the siding of a shed, and rolled into the meadow, where they fought harder than ever. Finally Pocono squealed and turned tail, and the men rushed in with clubs and pitchforks and separated them. Ketcham ran Pocono into a stable, and Reynolds put a rope around Toby's neck and tied him to the buckboard. Both bears were badly used up. Mr. Gardner made Reynolds and Ketcham pay him 37 each for the damage the bears had done to his property.

"Jake, I wouldn't trade now if you'd give me three bushels of 'taters to boot, instead of me givin' em to you. Your bear ain't no good," said Reynolds.

"But you have traded," said Jake, "and I'm goin' to let you kay? Pocono ard take Toby and the Reynolds,
"But you have traded," said Jake, "and I'm goin'
to let you have Pocono and take Toby and the

'dater.'
"Guess not." said Reynolds. "Toby and the 'taters goes leum with me," and he whipped up his nag and started, and Ketcham had to take his bear back to Catbird Creek.

A NEW SCENIC DEVICE From The London Daily News.

From The London Daily News.

Whatever success the forthcoming burlesque at the Gaiety may achieve, it is certain that one item in the Scenic decorations will attract an unusual amount of attention. Mr. Tanner yesterday invited a select company to a private view of the new device, which is of his own invention. The object of it is to get rid of the sky borders, or flowing strips of blue linen that hang from the invisible regions above the proscenium, one behind the other, like the banners at Greenwich Hospital. Since scenic artists have aken of late years to covering in interiors with ceilings—a device which gives an increased air of solidity and reality to a stage room—sky borders have not been so much in use; but for landscapes, even in the most lavish and costly productions, they have held their own, although they are as conventional in character as anything connected with Chinese art, Mr. Tanner will have none of them. His device is to cover the scene over with a huge theet of blue muslin, stretched across and sloped toward the back, so as to meet the scene just as in nature earth and sky commingle at the point to which vision reaches. With the aid of the limelight, any desired effect in natural phenomena may be produced. The effect, so far as could be judged yesterday, is excellent.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S MAINE REFUGE.

From The Lewistown Journal.

There is a building in Edgecomb, an old square, white house, concerning which an interesting story is told. This tradition is that at the time of the French Revolution Captain Samuel Clough, the owner of the house, who sailed a ship between Maine and France, was engaged to bring to this country no less valuable treasure than the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and that quantities of rich stuffs, furniture and sliver were put aboard his ship for the use of the exile whose destination was to have been this same house which then stood in Westport, it having been removed to the main land on a raft sixty years ago, it is yet occupied by Captain Clough's descendants. One circumstance which lends confirmation to this story is that a similar legend attaches to a house in Dorchester, Mass., the famous Swan mansion, then owned by Colonel Swan, who spent much of his time in Paris, but who settled permanently in this country after the French Revolution, his house being adorned in princely fashion. Now Captain Clough and Colonel Swan had money dealings together in Paris, Captain Clough in 1794 having had a contract to purchase £0,009 worth of lumber for the Colonel, What more likely than that Colonel Swan, who was a warm friend of Lafay-ette, should have engaged the Maine captain to ald him in a plan of such great importance as the attempted rescue of the French Queen, with which he is credited? From The Lewistown Journal.

Larger Attendance Desired,—"Before dismissing the congregation," observed the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "I wish, on behalf of the janitor and myself, to extend to the other members of the church a cordial invitation to attend our regular prayer meeting next Wednesday evening. We will now sing the doxology and be dismissed."—(Chicago Tribune.

A GREAT NEW GOLD FIELD

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY IN A SOUTH AP. RICAN EL DORADO.

Beside the enormous mineral wealth discovered in Mashonaland, there have lately been found rich deposits of gold in what is known as the Zoutpansberg district. This is the northern portion of the Transvaal, between the Limpopo and Olifant rivers. The actual gold fields, already staked out as such, cover no less than 3,564 square miles. The region, according to Frederick Jeppe, in "The Geo-graphical Journal," was first claimed and occupied by the Boers, led by Hendrik Potgieter, in 1848, and the story of their conquest and settlement of it is full of the most thrilling incidents worthy of an ample record by the future historian of the Republic. Surrounded and opposed by powerful native tribes, a handful of brave pioneers pushed on to the north and established a village on the southern slope of the Zoutpansberg, named Schoemansdaal. Here the small community lived and flourished, sur-rounded by hostile native tribes. Rita Montanha, a Portuguese priest who visited the village in 1886, mentions the number of dwellings as 278, accommodating a population of 1.800 souls, of whom 300 were fit to bear arms. They lived principally from the proceeds of their hunting trips into the interior, bartering ivory and skins for guns, ammunition, groceries and other necessaries of life with the Portuguese traders from the coast or with the inland merchants at Pretoria. In the year 1854 Her-manus Potgieter, a brother of Hendrik Potgieter, accompanied by his wife and children and some followers, were surprised by the natives at Moord-drift in Makapanspoort. The whole party were killed after being cruelly mutilated. When the news of these atrocities reached the authorities, a Commando of Boers, consisting of 500 men, under Plet Potgleter, Commissioner of Zoutpansberg, and M. W. Pretorius, of Potchefstroom, proceeded to Makapanspoort to revenge the murder of their relatives.

The natives did not wait for the Boers, but fled into some large caves in the mountains; these were surrounded by the Boers in the hope that the natives would soon be forced to surrender for want of food and water. But it appears that the natives knew of some outlets unknown to the Boers, by which they managed to supply themselves with water. They held out for some time, but when Potgieter was fatally wounded, and the natives openly defied the Boers, calling upon them to come and fetch them out of the caves, the Boers determined to make an end of the affair. All the approaches to the caves were filled with large bowlders and blocked up with wood, which was set on fire. In this way the whole clan, numbering some 1,500 souls, except a few who managed to escape, were either starved to death or suffocated by the smoke. Numerous skeletons and heaps of bones and skulls may still be seen in the caves. But the terrible revenge taken by the Boers had little effect on the natives, who were conscious of their vast superiority in numbers. The strife between the white man and the black was kept up for years until, in 1969, the Government resolved to abandon Schoemansdaal for a time. The inhabitants removed their furniture and everything else that could be moved, and retired to the southern portion of the district. But the people living in the valleys of the northeastern portion of the district, called Spelonken, remained on their farms.

With the exception of the tribes under the powerful chief Magato and a few of his under chiefs, all the natives of the district have submitted to the by gnawing a bone. Ketcham soon came up the supremacy of the Government, and agreed to pay road with Pocono in tow, and marched him into the barnyard at the end of a chain. Toby growled ed partly in the Zoutpansberg and partly in the at sight of Pocono, Pocono growled back, and the Waterberg district, but has not been officially defined. Negotiations are still pending with regard to the territory claimed by Magato, who occupies stronghold in the Zoutpansberg considered almost impregnable. The Republic has been several times on the point of deciding the dispute with this pugnacious and impertinent chief by force of arms, but the wish to avoid bloodshed and arrange mat-ters in a peaceful manner has been predominant with the authorities. Commandant Pretorius, who lately visited the mysterious chieftainess Mojaje, who is supposed to have furnished Mr. Rider Haggard with the subject for "She," describes her as a very old woman, with long, pointed and crooked nose, long face, thin lips, closely cropped hair, blue eyes, and almost white in color. In spite of her bodily infirmitles she was received with great respect by the tribe.

No proper census has ever been taken of the natives in the Transvaal. According to the last estimate, the approximate number of the native tribes living within the limits of the district is 382,328, consisting of 79,071 grown-up males, 100,723 females, and 202,534 children. The two principal tribes are the Basutos or Makatis, and the Magwambas or Knobnoses, the latter being 75,000 strong. The tribes living in the Zoutpansberg range are estimated by the German missionaries at 100,000 souls. The white population is put down by the and 1.936 females, the density of white population being 0.186 per square mile. Numerous travellers have visited the district, mostly on their way to the interior; but large tracts of country on the castern order are unexplored and only known to the hunters who visit this part of the country during the winter season to hunt buffaloes, giraffes, rhinoceroses and even elephants, which are still found in these regions. But owing to the tsetse fly and poisonous plants these hunting trips have to be

done on foot or with donkeys.

Livingstone is the first traveller on record who visited the district, which he did in the forties, but he did not proceed further than Makapanspoort, and Gassiot is the second who passed through the southwestern portion of the district in 1851, on his way to the Limpopo. Rita Montanha, coming from Inhambane, visited the settlement at Zoutpansberg in 1855; Logegary, a French missionary from Ba-suto Land, passed through the Marabasstad distriet on his way to Mapela in 1858; Merensky, in search of the ruins of Zimbabwe, discovered by Mauch in 1871, explored the district in 1882. Mauch in 1863, on his way to the interior, and Elton, in 1870, in his trip from the Tati settlement in Delagoa Bay, explored the southern bank of the Limpopo. In the same year Button explored the region of the present gold fields, and a year later discovered gold at Eersteling, near Marabasstad. In 1872, Erskine, on his way from the Gasa country to Lydenberg, travelled along the banks of the Olifant River; Baines, on his return from the Matabele country, crossed the Limpopo in latitude 22 degrees, 37 minutes, 40 seconds, and passed through Makapanspoort en route to Pretoria in 1870; Cohen visited Marabasstad in 1873; Rehmann explored the district a few years later, describing its physical features in an exhaustive way never attempted by any other explorer; Raddatz, who died at Yersberg in 1890, explored the southern portion of the district in 1885, and last, but not least, the Brothers P. and H. Berthoud, during their long residence in the Spelonken, explored the district in all directions, and published the first sketch maps of the district. Of all these Logegary, who travelled through the country in 1855 in search of thieves who had stolen a large sum of money and six horses from him, was the first who discovered gold in the northern part of the Transvaal. In a private letter addressed to the Government Secretary of the Republic, written at Sechell's in October, 1835, he reports the existence of two gold mines in the Transvaal, and states that he is in possession of twelve samples of quarts containing gold. He does not name the locality where he found them, but as he travelled through Sekukuni's country and the Marabasstad region to Mapela's Kraal, it must be assumed that he found the gold along this route. He wrote: "You may believe that if the English knew of this nothing would stop them in their march to the Transvaal." And he continues, "Wherever there is gold there is nothing but murders, and I will not have the blood of any man on my head." But the Government of the time, for political reasons, and actuated by the in 1885; and last, but not least, the Brothers P. and And he continues, and I will not have the mothing but murders, and I will not have the of any man on my head." But the Government the time, for political reasons, and actuated by fear of seeing the country overrun by all sorts conditions of men, had no intention of making of the discovery. In 1834 traces of gold had a discovered on the Jokeskei River by a man retur from Australia; but a notice had been public that making known the discovery of gold would punished with a fine of 1500.